Washington's Birthday
Arbor Day

Programs and Selections for their
Celebration, for Use in the
Schools of Alabama

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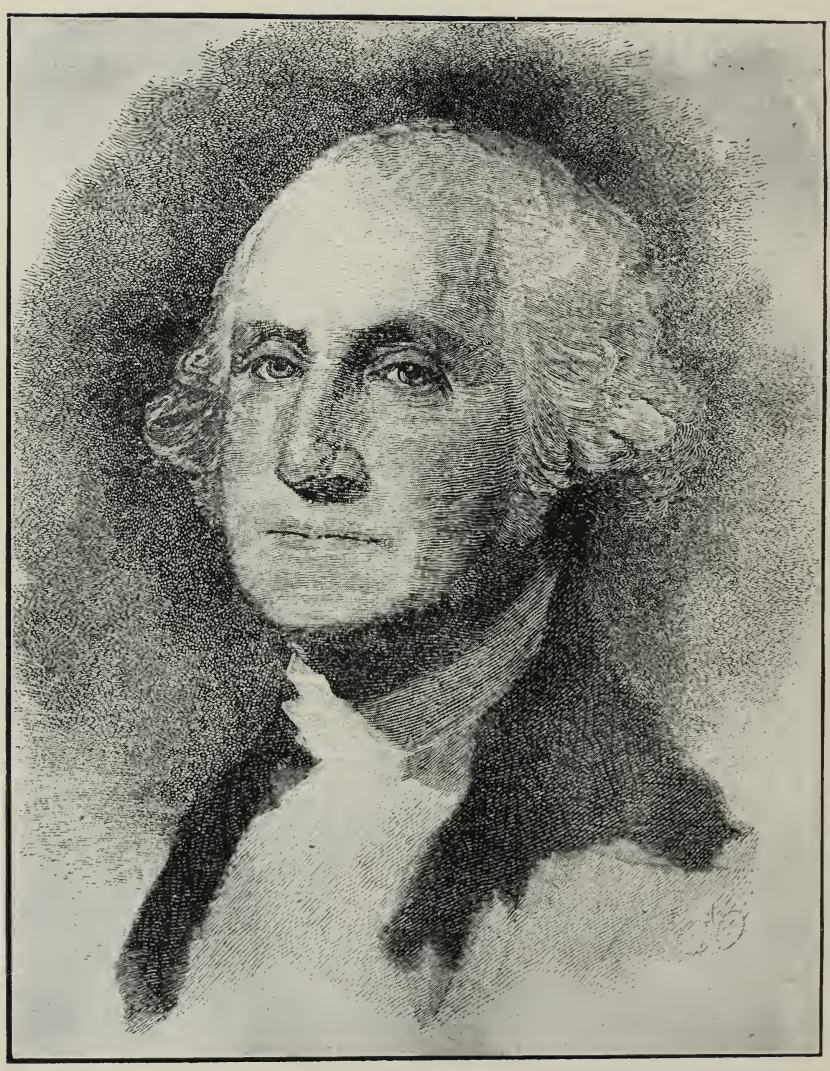

GEORGE WASHINGTON

1732-1799

First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen

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FOREWORD

To the Teachers of Alabama:

THE importance of the observance of special days as an essential part of school work cannot be overestimated. In recognition of this idea a majority of the States in the Union require on the part of the schools the celebration of special days.

A change in the ordinary routine of school work is demanded for the good of the pupils. Unless accompanied by an inculcation of moral truths and patriotic sentiments the daily school work becomes uninteresting. Some good idea not contained in the text book is of course suggested by almost every lesson At the same time it has come to be considered a necessity that special attention should, by the observance of the anniversary of great and good men and women, be given to the teaching of the great principles of morality and patriotism. Occasions of this kind should be made holiday occasions and should be the means of bringing together all the friends of education in the neighborhood, so that the patrons, neighbors and friends may mingle in free intercourse, take part in the exercises and partake of the fraternal feeling which always comes from the mingling of people at such meetings.

Burwash
20Ja15

There never was a time in the history of the Union when so much is being written and spoken about the origin of American Institutions and the men who have performed a conspicuous part in establishing and maintaining the government. George Washington was the great central force of the Revolutionary period. We cannot too often direct the attention of the children to his great character. His memory should be treasured and the anniversary of his birth should be celebrated as long as there is a voice among men to shout the praise of freedom.

I therefore request earnestly that in your school you will set apart the 22nd day of February as a time for the celebration, and that you will join me in an earnest endeavor to have the pupils in every public school in Alabama render a suitable

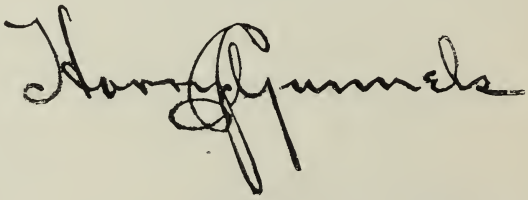
program. In as much as this day will this year fall on Saturday, a school holiday, I suggest that Friday the 21st be observed instead.

I desire to call your attention to a joint resolution introduced in the Legislature some years ago by the Hon. Jno. H. Wallace, Jr., and adopted by the General Assembly urging that teachers recommend that their pupils raise funds for the purchasing of United States flags, that the same may wave over every public school building in Alabama. A flag raising would be a suitable part of the program for this occasion.

I desire to suggest also that the 22nd of February would be an appropriate time for the observance of Arbor Day. I have included as a part of this program exercises suitable for the celebration of Arbor Day.

I wish to acknowledge the valuable assistance given by Dr. Thos. M. Owen, the Director of the Department of Archives and History, in preparing the Washington Birthday program and Hon. John H. Wallace, Jr., Game and Fish Commissioner and Secretary of the Commission of Forestry in preparing the Arbor Day program.

Yours very cordially,



Superintendent of Education.

PROGRAM

SHORT FORM.

1. Our Father Who Art in Heaven.
2. Salute to the Flag.
3. Song——Mount Vernon Bells.
4. Class Recitation ——Patriotism.
5. Recitation ——A Rally.
6. Song and March——Little Soldiers.
7. Class Recitation ——Our Motto.
8. Recitation ——Words of Wisdom.
9. Recitation ——A Young Patriot.
10. Recitation——The Banner Betsy Made.
11. Recitation ——George Washington.
12. Recitation——The Children's Story of Washington.
13. Recitation ——The American Boy.
14. Song —— America.
15. Recitation by all——But One.

LONG FORM.

1. Invocation.
2. Responses to roll-call with quotations about Washington.
3. Recitation——The Twenty-Second of February.
4. Song ——Mount Vernon Bells.
5. Recitation ——The First American.
6. Essay ——Washington, the Boy.
7. Class Recitation——The Original Thirteen.
8. Recitation —— ——Washington (Hayne).
9. Recitation —— ——Washington (Cook).
10. Essay ——Washington, the Man.
11. Reading ——Epitaph on Washington.
12. Song —— America.
13. Class Recitation —— Recessional.

Flag Salute

SALUTE.—We Give Our Heads and Our Hearts to God and Our Country. One Country, One Language, One Flag.

Signals:—

The pupils having been assembled and being seated, and the flag borne by the standard bearer in front of school, at the signal (either by a chord struck on the piano, or, in the absence of a piano, from a bell) each scholar seizes the seat preparatory to rising.

Second Signal.—The whole school rises quickly, as one person, each one standing erect and alert.

Third Signal.—The right arm is extended, pointing directly at the flag; as the flag-bearer should be on the platform where all can see the colors, the extended arm will be slightly raised above a horizontal line.

Fourth Signal.—The forearm is bent so as to touch the forehead lightly with the tip of the fingers of the right hand. The motion should be quick, but graceful, the elbow being kept down and not allowed to "stick out" to the right. As the fingers touch the forehead, each pupil will exclaim in a clear voice, "We give our 'heads'" (emphasizing the word "heads."

Fifth Signal.—The right hand is carried quickly to the left side and placed flat over the heart with the words, "and our hearts!" (*after* the movement has been made.)

Sixth Signal.—The right hand is allowed to fall quickly, but easily to the right side; as soon as the motion is accomplished, all will say, "to God and our Country!"

Seventh Signal.—Each scholar still standing erect, but without moving, will exclaim, "One country!" (emphasis on country.)

Eighth Signal.—The scholars still standing motionless, will exclaim: "One language!" (emphasis on language.)

Ninth Signal.—The right arm is suddenly extended to its full length, the hand pointing to the flag, the body inclining slightly forward, supported by the right foot slightly advanced. The attitude should be that of intense earnestness. The pupil reaches, as it were, toward the flag, at the same time exclaiming with great force—"One Flag!"

TENTH SIGNAL.—The right arm is dropped to the side and the position of attention recovered.

ELEVENTH SIGNAL.—Each scholar seizes the seat preparatory to turning it down.

TWELFTH SIGNAL.—The school is seated.

FLAG-BEARER.—The color-bearer grasps the staff at the lower end with his right hand and a foot or more (according to the length of the staff) above the end of the staff with his left hand. The staff is held directly in front of the middle of the body, slightly inclined forward from the perpendicular. At the FOURTH SIGNAL, the flag will be dipped, returning the salute; this is done by lowering the left hand until the staff is nearly horizontal, keeping it in that position until the TENTH SIGNAL, when it will be restored to its first or nearly vertical position.

SELECTIONS

Mount Vernon Bells

(Air—"Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.")

(From Song Knapsack.)

Where Potomac's stream is flowing,
Virginia's border through;
Where the white-sailed ships are going,
Sailing to the ocean blue;
Hushed the sound of mirth and singing—
Silent, every one—
While the solemn bells are ringing
By the tomb of Washington.

CHORUS.

Tolling and kneeling
With a sad, sweet sound;
O'er the waves the tones are swelling
By Mount Vernon's sacred ground.

Long ago the warrior slumbered—
Our country's father slept;
Long among the angels numbered—
They the hero-soul have kept.
But the children's children love him
And his name revere;
So, where willows wave above him,
Sweetly, still, his knell you hear.

Sail, O ships, across the billows,
And bear the story far,
How he sleeps beneath the willows,—
"First in peace and first in war."
Tell, while sweet adieus are swelling,
Till you come again,
He within the heart is dwelling,
Of his loving countrymen.

Patriotism

(For Class Recitation.)

To be a patriot is to love one's country; it is to be ready and willing, if need comes, to die for the country, as a good seaman would die to save his ship and his crew.

Yes! To love our country, to work so as to make it strong and rich, to support its government, to obey its laws, to pay fair taxes into the treasury, to treat our fellow citizens as we love to be treated ourselves—this is to be good American patriots.—*Dole.*

Every good citizen makes his country's honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defense, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it.—*Andrew Jackson.*

If we are true to our country in our day and generation, and those that come after us shall be true to it also, assuredly shall we elevate her to a pitch of prosperity and happiness, of honor and power, never yet reached by any nation beneath the sun.—*Anon.*

A Rally.

Little folks come marching forth,
  Little feet, keep time,
In the East and West and North
  And the Southern clime.
Lay your lesson books away,
  Leave your sums undone;
We must celebrate to-day
  Brave George Washington.
Little yet you understand
  All his worth and truth;
Only know he saved the land,
  Faithful from his youth.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Little Soldiers

(Air—"Lightly Row.")

A. E. A.

(For any number of small children. Each may wear soldier's cap of red, white or blue, and carry small flag.)

(As if ringing little bells.)

Clearly ring, clearly ring,
Great bells, on this happy day,
Swing and ring, ring and swing,
Backward, forward, sway.
Little bells can do the same,
Ring out one beloved name—
"Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling,"
Ring of Washington.

(As if beating little drums.)

Loudly play, loudly play,
Bands upon the crowded street,
Play away, play away,
Music strong and sweet.
Little drums can bravely beat
Little airs for little feet,
"Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat,"
Beat for Washington.

(All waving little flags.)

Proudly fly, proudly fly,
Silken banners great and fair,
Fly so high, fly so high,
On the frosty air.
Little flags are floating, too,
All in red and white and blue,
Hip, hurrah! hip, hurrah!
Wave for Washington.

(Forming in line and marching.)

March along, march along,
Soldiers noble, brave and true,
March along, swift and strong,
Uniforms of blue.
Little soldiers, too, can fight
Little battles for the right,
"Forward march! Forward march!"
March for Washington.

Our Motto

Hurrah for the school children! Some day they'll rule,
And lead in our nation as they now lead in school.
Then here is a motto—don't learn it too late—
Who cannot rule himself can never rule a state.
There's something important for each one to do—
Hold up the standard, the red, white and blue.

—*Anon.*

Words of Wisdom of The First American

SAYINGS OF WASHINGTON.

1st Child.—To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means for preserving peace.

2nd Child.—Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections.

3rd Child.—The name of an American must always exalt the just pride of patriotism.

4th Child.—From the gallantry and fortitude of her citizens, under the auspices of heaven, America has derived her independence.

5th Child.—Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all.

6th Child.—The ever favorite object of my heart is, the benign influence of good laws under a free government.

A Young Patriot

I'm just a very little boy,
  I never fired a gun;
I never led an army,
  Like brave George Washington.
And though like him I may not fight
  To set a people free,
I'll try to be as brave and true,
  As kind and good as he.

—*Alice Jean Cleator.*

The Banner Betsy Made

(To be recited by a girl dressed in Quaker costume and carrying a large flag.)

We have nicknamed it "Old Glory"
As it floats upon the breeze,
Rich in legend, song and story
On the land and on the seas;
Far above the shining river,
Over mountain ,glen and glade
With a fame that lives forever
Streams the banner Betsy made.

Once it went from her, its maker,
To the glory of the wars,
Once the modest little Quaker
Deftly studded it with stars
And her fingers, swiftly flying
Through the sunshine and the shade,
Welded colors bright, undying,
In the banner Betsy made.

When at last her needle rested
And her cherished work was done,
Went the banner, love-invested,
To the camps of Washington;
And the glorious Continentals
In the morning light arrayed
Stood in ragged regimentals
'Neath the banner Betsy made.

How they cheered it and its maker,
They the gallant sons of wars,
How they blessed the little Quaker
And her flag of stripes and stars;
'Neath its folds, the foemen scorning,
Glinted bayonets and blade,
And the breezes of the morning
Kissed the banner Betsy made.

Years have passed, but still in glory
With a pride we love to see,
Laureled with a nation's glory
Waves the emblem of the free;
From the rugged pines of Northland
To the deep'ning everglade,
In the sunny heart of Southland
Floats the banner Betsy made.

Now she sleeps whose fingers flying
With a heart to freedom true,
Mingled colors bright, undying—
Fashioned stars and field of blue;
It will lack for no defenders
When the nation's foes invade,
For our country close to splendor
'Neath the banner Betsy made.

George Washington

"How did George Washington look?" asked Nell.
"What was he like? Won't you please to tell?"
Thus I answered: "A courtly man,
Wearing his honors as heroes can.
Erect and tall, with his six feet two;
Knee breeches, buckles, frills and queue;
Powdered brown hair; blue eyes, far apart;
Strong-limbed and fearless, with gentle heart;
Gracious in manner toward every one.
Such, my Nellie, was Washington."

—*Selected.*

The Children's Story of Washington

By Ella Marie Powers.

This should be recited by different children, each of whom bears the article mentioned in his stanza.

First Child—
A hatchet like this George Washington had,
But he cut a fine cherry tree.
His father then said, "Who cut this, my lad?"
"I can't lie; I cut it," said he.
"My good, honest boy, I would lose every tree
Than know that one lie
You would tell to me."

Second Child—
George Washington carried a famous old gun;
A soldier was he brave and true.
He fought with the Indians—how they would run
When Washington came into view!

Third Child—
A hat like this George Washington wore,
As the soldiers he wisely drilled.
We think of those battles so fierce of yore,
Of men hungry, starving and chilled.

Fourth Child—
Washington wore a sword so bright,
In those days of long ago.
'Mid the din and roar and gallant fight
He marched to meet the foe.
He fought for freedom and for right;
Our liberty to him we owe.

Fifth Child—
Roses like these were once strewn in the street
When Washington to New York came.
Our general now takes a president's seat;
O'er the land ring his praises and fame.

Sixth Child—
Here are some quills; they were used long ago,
'Twas a century ago, O yes,
That Washington wrote with a quill, you know,
That famous, great farewell address.

Seventh Child—
A wreath of laurel for Washington bring,
For his life and his deeds so grand.
He is crowned a hero, a royal king,
We praise him throughout our land.

Eighth Child—
Our flag waves in love for the brave men of old,
For heroes, a great royal band,
Who marched forth to battle and danger untold,
Who fought and who died for our land.
Their deeds for our country we proudly uphold;
By our flag we will loyally stand.

All:
Teach us to guard, to love, to keep
The memory of heroes so brave;
And ever be loyal to this, our old flag.
O, long may it gallantly wave!

The American Boy

Look up, my young American,
Stand grimly on the earth,
Where noble deeds and mental power
Give titles over birth.

A hallow'd land thou claim'st, my boy,
By early struggles bought,
Heaped up with noble memories,
And wide, aye, wide as thought!

What though we boast no ancient towers
  Where "ivied" streamers twine,
The laurel lives upon our soil,
  The laurel, boy, is thine.

And when thou'rt told of knighthood's shield,
  And English battles won,
Look up, my boy, and breathe one word,
  The name of Washington.

America

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
  Let freedom ring.

2. My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
  Sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

4. Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
  To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
  Great God, our King.

But One

(To be recited by all in concert, with the children and the audience standing.)

There has been but one Washington,—and God, in his goodness, gave him to us. Let us cherish his dust and revere his memory.—*J. W. Savage.*

Quotations About Washington

(BY MEMBERS OF SCHOOL.)

Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his cocuntry, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause!—*John Quincy Adams.*

As long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues anywhere plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, those tongues prolong the fame of George Washington!—*Robert C. Winthrop.*

A great and venerated character like that of Washington, which commands the respect of an entire population, however divided on other questions, is not an isolated fact in history, to be regarded with barren admiration—it is a dispensation of Providence for the good of mankind.—*Savage.*

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

Washington is the purest figure in human history.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

"Until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in Wisdom and Virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington!"—*Lord Brougham.*

"Illustrious Man, before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into significance."—*Charles James Fox.*

If, among all the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of extraordinary nobility and purity, I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required at a moment's notice to name the fittest occupant for it, I think my choice at any time during the last forty-five years, would have lighted, and it would now light, upon Washington.—*Gladstone.*

His integrity was most pure; his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motive of interest or consanguinity,

of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. Washington's fame will go on increasing until the brightest constellation in yonder heavens is called by his name.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington. If our institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.—*Webster.*

Washington in the Dark Days of the Revolution

"Looming above all, we see the grand figure of Washington, steady as a stone mountain. No danger daunts him; no disaster shakes him. The times call for patience, he has it; for resources, he finds them; for courage and fortitude, his never fail; for supreme self-sacrifice, he makes it. Beaten today, he will fight again tomorrow. Undermined by treason, discouraged by apathy, fretted by Congress and by State Governors, he locks it all in his own breast, and to the enemy presents the unruffled front. He will not hear of compromise. He will stoop to no concessions. When his nephew writes him that some British officers have been entertained at Mount Vernon as a matter of policy, he writes a rebuke. Let them burn the house if they will; Mount Vernon shall not give shelter to the British!

Heroic? Yes, sublimely heroic. The world has presented no finer spectacle.

And that which is most inspiring in the glorious example is the fact that Washington's greatness was due not so much to intellect as to character. He was great because he was brave, resolute, pure, devoted, rightminded and right hearted. From the straight line of duty he was not to be tempted, frightened, discouraged, or misled; and from the oracle of fate he would not take No for an answer. He would fight till he won, or he died. Thus he rose above all rivals—not thinking of rivalry. He became not our greatest intellect, not our greatest statesman, not our greatest soldier, but our greatest man."—*Thomas E. Watson.*

The Twenty-second of February

Pale is the February sky,
  And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
  For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
  Not even when the Summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
  Or Autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
  Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
  Our glorious Washington was born!

* * *

Amid the wreck of thrones shall live,
  Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame;
And years succeeding years shall give.
  Increase of honors to his name.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

The First American

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind
Thrusting to thin air o'er cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie, rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and firm for all humand kind
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory,
Such as the present gives, and cannot want,
Safe in himself as in a fate, so always friendly he;

He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;

These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children's children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

The Original Thirteen

(To be spoken by thirteen children, representing the thirteen original colonies.)

First Child—I am Virginia. I have given my noble sons to my country, but today I wish to speak only of one, the fairest, the most illustrious—Washington.

Second Child—I am New Jersey, and the elms at Princeton still whisper of his fame.

Third child—I am Massachusetts, and his name is still as powerful among my people as when his cannon frowned upon Boston from Dorchester Heights.

Fourth Child—I am New York, and in my noblest city the first president took his oath of office.

Fifth Child—I am New Hampshire, and I bring granite from my mountains, that his deeds may be written on imperishable tablets.

Sixth Child—I am Maryland, and my Potomac's stream murmurs ever of love as it glides past his tomb.

Seventh Child—I am Connecticut, the land of steady habits, and as a model for our children we hold him up whose title was "An Honest Man."

Eighth Child—I am Rhode Island, and the name of Roger Williams is not more dear to me than the memory of Washington.

Ninth Child—I am Deleware, and when the ice cracks and booms on my noble river it seems to thunder the story of that Christmas night so long ago.

Tenth Child—I am North Carolina, and the shade of Francis Marion bids me join in reverence to his valiant leader.

Eleventh Child—I am South Carolina, and through the storm of war I have kept his memory sacred.

Twelfth Child—I am Pennsylvania, and the old State House at Philadelphia seems to be filled with his invisible presence.

Thirteenth Child—I am Georgia, youngest of all, and I bring palms to celebrate his victories.

Virginia—Let us speak of his truthfulness.

New Jersey—Let us admire his modesty.

Massachusetts—Let us praise his courage.

New York—Let us remember his deeds.

New Hampshire—Let us emulate his piety.

Maryland—Honor the statesman!

Connecticut—The general!

Rhode Island—The truth-teller.

Delaware—The hero!

North Carolina—The Cincinnatus of the west.

South Carolina—The Father of his Country!

Pennsylvania—"Providence left him childless that his country might call him father."

Georgia—Then let us speak of him still as "First in War (all joining in,) First in Peace, First in the Hearts of his Countrymen."

—*Lucia M. Mooney.*

Washington

Bright natal morn! what face appears
Beyond the rolling mist of years?
A face whose loftiest traits combine
All virtues of a stainless line
Passed from great sire to son;
The face of him whose steadfast zeal
Drew harmonies of law and right
From chaos and anarchic night;
Who with a power serene as Fate's
Wrought from rude hordes of turbulent States,
The grandeur of our commonweal:
All hail! All hail! to Washington!

Freedom he wooed in such brave guise
Men gazing in her luminous eyes
Beheld all heaven reflected shine
Far down those sapphire orbs divine;
And worshipped her so chastely won;
If still she panted, fresh from strife,
And blood-stains flecked her garments' rim,
They could not make its whiteness dim;
For, shed by hearts sublimely true,
Such drops are changed to sacred dew.
The chrism of patriot light and life
Baptizing first our Washington.

She wove for him a civic crown;
She made so pure his hale renown,
All glories of the antique days,
Waned in the clear, immaculate blaze
Poured from his nature's noontide sun;
No slave of folly's catchword school,
His instincts proud of blood and race
She tempered with sweet human grace,
Till his broad being's rounded flow
Sea-like embraced the high and low,
Swayed by the golden-sceptered rule,
The equal will of Washington.

Through shower and sun the seasons rolled;
November's gray and April's gold;
They only raised (more calmly grand),
His genius of supreme command,
Whose course, in blood and wrath begun,
Grew gentler, as the mellowing lights
Of peace made beauteous sky and sod;
His evening came, he walked with God;
And down life's gradual sunset-slope
He hearkened to the heavenly hope—
"Look up! behold the fadeless heights
Which rise to greet thee—Washington!

—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

Washington

Land of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out,—thine shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites—thou hast a planet star.

Thou hast a name whose character of light shall ne'er depart—
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart.
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won,
Land of the West! It stands alone—it is thy Washington!

He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and the sage,
He showed no deep avenging hate—no burst of despot rage,
He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led on,
'Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington!

He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down,
To change them for the regal robe, and wear a kingly crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy, too proud of such a son—
To let a robe and title mask her noble Washington!

—*Eliza Cook.*

Epitaph

The defender of his country,—the founder of liberty,
The friend of man.
History and tradition are explored in vain
For a parallel to his character.
In the annals of modern greatness
He stands alone,
And the noblest names of Antiquity
Lose their lustre in his presence.
Born the benefactor of mankind,
He united all the greatness necessary
To an illustrious career.
Nature made him great,
He made himself virtuous.
Called by his Country to the defense of her Liberties,
He triumphantly vindicated the rights of humanity,
And, on the pillars of National Independence,
Laid the foundation of a great Republic.
Twice invested with Supreme Magistracy,
By the unanimous vote of a free people,
He surpassed, in the Cabinet,
The glories of the field,
And, voluntarily resigning the scepter and the sword,
Retired to the shades of private life;
A spectacle so new, and so sublime,
Was contemplated with profoundest admiration;
And the name of Washington,
Adding new lustre to humanity,
Resounded to the remotest regions of the earth.
Magnanimous in youth,
Glorious through life,
Great in death;
His highest ambition,—the happiness of mankind,
His noblest victory,—the conquest of himself.
Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame,
And building his monument in the hearts of his countrymen,
He lived—the ornament of the Eighteenth Century;
He died, regretted by a mourning world.

(Note.—The above epitaph was discovered on the back of a portrait of Washington, sent to the family from England. It was copied from a transcript in the handwriting of Judge Washington.)

Recessional

God of our fathers, known of old—
  Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
  The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
  On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
  Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

The Character of Washington

BY ZEBULON B. VANCE.

The composition of a man is three-fold; physical, intellectual, and moral.

It is the justly proportioned composition of these three that constitutes the real excellence of perfect manhood—that creature made a little lower than the angels, the noblest work of God.

Perhaps no character in history can be pronounced truly great without this combination; certainly not if the moral attributes be deficient.

All of these qualities which belong to the "noble family of truth," which engender love of country, and promote the good of mankind and the glory of God, are born and bred in the nature of man, from which likewise spring the evil qualities which afflict and debase the world. That system of ethics, therefore, which best succeeds in developing the excellencies of our moral nature is the one which most commends itself to our race. The noble characters which it produces are justly held up as living, practical examples of the excellence of its principles.

Viewed with reference to these facts, George Washington may be justly considered one of the greatest men whom the world has produced.

Greater soldiers, more intellectual statesmen, and profounder sages have doubtless existed in the history of the English race—perhaps in our own country—but not one who to great excellence in these fields has added such exalted integrity, such unaffected piety, such unsullied purity of soul, and such wondrous control of his own spirit. He illustrated and adorned the civilization of Christianity more than all the dogmas of all the teachers. The youth of America who aspire to promote their own and their country's welfare should never cease to gaze upon his great example, or to remember that the brightest gems in the crown of his immortality, the qualities which uphold his fame upon earth and plead for him in heaven, were those which characterized him as the patient, brave, courteous, Christian gentleman.

In this respect he was a blessing to the whole human race no less than to his own countrymen, to the many millions who celebrate the day of his birth.

Washington

BY R. C. WINTHROP.

The character of Washington! Who can delineate it worthily? Who can describe that priceless gift of America to the world in terms which may do it any sort of justice, or afford any degree of satisfaction to his hearers or to himself?

Modest, disinterested, generous, just—of clean hands and a pure heart—self-denying and self-sacrificing, seeking nothing for himself, declining all remuneration beyond the reimbursement of his outlays, scrupulous to a farthing in keeping his accounts, of spotless integrity, scorning gifts, charitable to the needy, forgiving injuries and injustices, brave, fearless, heroic, with a prudence ever governing his impulses and a wisdom ever guiding his valor—true to his friends, true to his whole country, true to himself—fearing God, believing in Christ, no stranger to private devotion or public worship or to the holiest offices of the Church to which he belonged, but ever gratefully recognizing a Divine aid and direction in all that he attempted and in all that he accomplished—what epithet, what attribute could be added to that consummate character to commend it as an example above all other characters in merely human history!

A celebrated philosopher of antiquity, who was nearly contemporary with Christ, but who could have known nothing of what was going on in Judea, wrote thus to a young friend, as a precept for a worthy life: "Some good man must be singled out and kept ever before your eyes, that you may live as if he were looking on, and do everything as if he could see it."

Let me borrow the spirit if not the exact letter, of that precept, and address it to the young men of my Country: "Keep ever in your mind and before your mind's eye the loftiest standard of character. You have it, I need not say, supremely and unapproachably, in Him who spake as never man spake and lived as never man lived, and who died for the sins of the world. That character stands apart and alone. But of merely mortal men the monument we have dedicated today points out the one for all Americans to study, to imitate, and, as far

as may be, to emulate. Keep his example and his character ever before your eyes and in your hearts. Live and act as if he were seeing and judging your personal conduct and your public career. Strive to approximate that lofty standard, and measure your integrity and your patriotism by your nearness to it or your departure from it. The prime meridian of universal longitude, on sea or land, may be at Greenwich, or at Paris, or where you will. But the prime meridian of pure, disinterested, patriotic, exalted human character will be marked forever by yonder Washington Obelisk!"

Yes, to the Young Men of America, under God, it remains, as they rise up from generation to generation, to shape the destinies of their Country's future—and woe unto them if, regardless of the great example which is set before them, they prove unfaithful to the tremendous responsibilities which rest upon them!—*From Oration on the Dedication of the Washington Monument.*

George Washington: Statesman, Christian Gentleman

HENRY B. CARRINGTON.

Modern history, oratory, and poetry are so replete with tributes to the memory of Washington, that the entire progress of the civilized world for more than a century has been shaped by the influence of his life and precepts. The memorial shaft at the National Capitol, which is the loftiest of human structures and is inner faced by typical expressions of honor from nearly all nations, is a fit type of his surmounting merit. The ceremonies which attended the corner-stone consecration and signalized its completion, are not less an honor to the distinguished historian and statesman who voiced the acclamations of the American people than a perpetual testimonial worthy of the subject honored by the occasion and by the monument. When the world pays willing tribute (and the most ambitious monarch on earth would covet no higher plaudit than that he served his people as faithfully as Washington served Amer-

ica), it is difficult to fathom the depths of memorial sentiment and place in public view those which are the most worthy of study and appreciative respect. The national life itself throbs through his transmitted life, and the aroma of his grace is as consciously breathed by statesmen and citizens today as the invisible atmosphere which secures physical vitality and force. Senator Z. B. Vance of North Carolina, thus earnestly commends to the youth of America the brightness and beauty of the great example:

"Greater soldiers, more intellectual statesmen, and profounder sages have doubtless existed in the history of the English race, perhaps in our own country, but not one who, to great excellence in the threefold composition of man—the physical, intellectual and moral—has added such exalted integrity, such unaffected piety, such unsullied purity of soul, and such wondrous control of his own spirit. He illustrated and adorned the civilization of Christianity, and furnished an example of the wisdom and perfection of its teachings which the subtlest arguments of its enemies cannot impeach. That one grand, rounded life, full-orbed with intellectual and moral glory, is worth, as the product of Christianity, more than all the dogmas of all the teachers. The youth of America who aspire to promote their own and their country's welfare should never cease to gaze upon his great example, or to remember that the brightest gems in the crown of his immortality, the qualities which uphold his fame on earth and plead for him in heaven, were those which characterized him as the patient, brave, Christian gentleman. In this respect he was a blessing to the whole human race no less than to his own countrymen, to the many millions who annually celebrate the day of his birth."

Such sentiments fitly illustrate the controlling element of character which made the conduct of Washington so peerless in the field and in the chair of state. His first utterances upon assuming command of the American army before Boston, on the 2d of July, 1775, were a rebuke of religious bigotry and an impressive protest against gaming, swearing, and all immoral practices which might forfeit divine aid in the great struggle for National Independence. Succeeding orders, preparatory to the battle of Long Island, in August, 1776, breathe the same spirit, that which transfused all his activities as with celestial fire, until he surrendered his commission with a devout and public recognition of Almighty God as the author of his success.

Mount Vernon

Mount Vernon was the home of Washington. It is situated on the right bank of the Potomac, seventeen miles south of the capitol. It formerly included a wide tract of eight thousand acres. The Washington mansion, with two hundred acres of land, is now owned by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, who purchased it about thirty years ago for $200,000; of this sum, $68,494.59 was a contribution from Edward Everett, being the proceeds of his famous lecture upon "The Life and Character of Washington," and his writings for the New York Ledger. The house is a large wooden structure two stories in height, with a broad piazza extending the entire length of the house on the river side. The house was built by Lawrence Washington in 1743. He named it Mount Vernon in honor of his highly esteemed superior officer in the British navy, Admiral Vernon. After the close of the Revolutionary War, General Washington added the north and south extensions, together with the piazza. The house is ninety-six feet long and thirty feet deep. It stands on a high bluff overlooking the Potomac, and its generous lawns, gardens, and encircling forests present scenes of rare beauty. Here is the tomb of Washington, which is visited by thousands of people from all parts of the world. During the year 1876 forty-five thousand persons visited Mount Vernon.

ARBOR DAY

Suggestive Program

Roll call and have each child tell of the various varieties of trees observed on the way to school.

Essays on:—

(a) Historic trees of the United States.
(b) What we owe to trees.
(c) The use to which civilized man puts trees.
(d) Our most useful trees.
(e) The fruit trees of Alabama.
(f) The coniferous trees of the United States.
(g) Our nut bearing trees.
(h) Why we should plant trees along the public highways.
(i) We may have forests without game, but no game without forests.
(j) The emblem of the olive branch.
(k) The token of the laurel wreath.

Read, The Talking Oak—Tennyson, and Building the Birch Canoe—Longfellow.

Arbor Day

By John H. Wallace, Jr.,

Game and Fish Commissioner, and Secretary of the Commission of Forestry.

(This selection should be memorized and spoken by a pupil.)

The object in setting aside Arbor Day to be celebrated in the public schools, is to arouse the school children with a desire to know more about the trees, and to awaken within them a

keener interest in the study of nature generally. Too often is the case that the school yard is as treeless and as flowerless as the Sahara Desert. There is no ornamentation which nature provides that is more beautiful than a grove of growing trees with here and there a radiant flower to lend the perfume of its blooms to the spring, and autumn air. The school yard should be made attractive to the children; it should be a harbor of rest and recreation, and should be loved by them to an extent that they will delight in attending school if for no other reason, in order that they may play in the cool shade and frolic amongst fragrant flowers.

On Arbor Day, occasion should be taken to plant out trees that will in a few years be useful and ornamental. When possible, the sugar or silver-leaf maple should be planted and if these cannot be procured the water, or willow oak may be substituted. If these are not available, then the best shade trees that can be obtained should be planted symmetrically in the school yard.

The planting of trees began with the ancients. In mystic mazes of the period between barbarism and civilization, the Druids planted groves in England. When America was discovered by Columbus, this was a continent of virgin forest, but as westward the star of empire wended its way, the settler, axe in hand, laid waste the proud monarchs of the forest with unreasoning energy, always cutting down and replacing none. Thus millions upon millions of acres of primeval woodland have been destroyed.

Arbor Day is calculated to arouse among the youth of Alabama a realization of the fact that unless something is done to care for the forests we now have and to save them from destruction and to plant out useful timber trees that generations yet unborn may be the beneficiaries therefrom, that the time must inevitably come when a timber famine will hold sway in Alabama which will entail upon the people hardships innumerable.

Forestry Laws

(To be read by a pupil.)

The Alabama Legislature in its wisdom recognizing the imperative necessity of calling a halt in the mad career of the people in their destructiveness of the valuable timber of the state and desiring to encourage our citizens to plant out useful timber trees, passed a law at the last session establishing and creating a State Commission of Forestry. This commission proposes to inquire into and publish an annual report upon the forestry conditions of Alabama, the effect of the destruction of forests upon the welfare of the State, and to promote as far as they may be able a proper appreciation of the benefits to be derived from forest preservation.

The state is ready to accept gifts of land to be held by the Commission of Forestry as a State forest reserve, and to be so used as to demonstrate the practical utility of timber culture.

In order to encourage the practice of forest culture in this State, when the owner or owners of any land which has been denuded of trees, or any other land, the assessed value of which shall not at the time exceed the sum of five dollars per acre, shall contract in writing with the Commission of Forestry to plant or grow upon the said land suitable and valuable timber trees, to protect said land from fires and to maintain the trees so planted or grown upon it in a lively and thrifty condition for a period of ten years and to cut or remove from the said land within that time no trees; the state tax commission is authorized upon recommendation of the Commission of Forestry to exempt such land from taxation for a period of ten years.

As an axiomatic fact no law is automatic, and hence the game and fish wardens of the State have been made a constabulary to enforce all laws relative to forest preservation. The sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, constables and justices of the peace, are made ex-officio deputy forest wardens, and are required to enforce all forestry laws in Alabama. If a specially constituted service were not employed to look after infractions of the forestry laws, they would remain a dead letter on the statute books.

Fires Destroy Forests

(To be read by a pupil.)

The Legislature of Alabama being impressed with the idea that forest fires do great damage to the timber interests of this State has made it unlawful for any individual to maliciously or with intent to set fire to any woods, brush, grass, grain or stubble land, not their own. The fact is that whenever a fire sweeps through a woodland that it destroys every prospective tree to the age of four years. Thus if we are to hope for an increase in the supply of trees, it is of vital importance that the people should desist from burning over the timber lands.

It is likewise unlawful for any person to set on fire, or to cause to be set on fire, any woods, brush, weeds, or grass upon their own land without giving the adjacent land owners five days written notice.

One of the principal causes of fires is by the escape of sparks from engines and, therefore, the legislature has required all logging, railroad locomotive and threshing engines operated in or near forests or brush, which do not burn oil as fuel, to be provided with spark arrestors to prevent the escape of sparks from the smoke stacks and also with devices to prevent the escape of fire from ash-pans and fire-boxes. It is unlawful for any electric lighting or power company to attach any wires or other lighting appliance to any tree along any street of any town or city in this State. Electricity is destructive to trees and hence the Legislature has required all electric lighting companies that have wires attached to any of the trees of this State to remove the same.

Value of Forest Preservation

(To be memorized and spoken by a pupil.)

The cutting away of forests causes drouths and likewise floods. The rich loam and leaves that settle in the woods cause the rain to soak in gently, and to be retained by the earth. When the trees are cut, the water rushes rapidly down the hill sides, into the gullies, thence to the creeks, thence to the rivers filling up the channels to the detriment of navigation, and thereby causing floods, the loss of life and great destruction of property.

The national government recognizing that the heads of streams should be protected is contemplating the establishment of the great Appalachian forest reserve, which will constitute approximately eight millions of acres of forests. The whole country seems to be now thoroughly alive to the vital importance of forest preservation and President Roosevelt in a number of his recent speeches has taken occasion to especially emphasize this fact.

The virgin forests must inevitably be cut away and therefore the hope of the country is to care for the second growth timber. Many species of timber trees grow rapidly. For instance, the "Old field" pine was at one time thought to be valueless, but now by treating it with creosote it has been found to be quite valuable. In fifteen years time, pine switches will develop into timber trees.

Very stupid is he indeed who lives only in the present and who makes no provision for the future.

Therefore, we should take every occasion to preserve what natural resources we have in our forests and we should practice the art of the culture of useful forest trees for the use of generations yet to be.

Three Trees

The pine tree grew in the wood,
Tapering, straight, and high;
Stately and proud it stood,
Black-green against the sky.
Crowded so close, it sought the blue,
And ever upward it reached and grew.

The oak tree stood in the field,
Beneath it dozed the herds;
It gave to the mower a shield,
It gave a home to the birds.
Sturdy and broad, it guarded the farms,
With its brawny trunk and knotted arms.

The apple tree grew by the wall,
Ugly and crooked and black;
But it knew the gardner's call,
And the children rode on its back.
It scattered its blossoms upon the air,
It covered the ground with fruitage fair.

"Now, hey," said the pine, "for the wood!
Come live with the forest band.
Our comrades will do you good,
And tall and straight you will stand."
And he swung his boughs to a witching sound,
And flung his cones like coins around.

"Oho!" laughed the sturdy oak;
"The life of the field for me.
I weather the lightning stroke;
My branches are broad and free.
Grow straight and slim in the wood if you will,
Give me the sun and a wind-swept hill."

And the apple tree murmured low:
"I am neither straight nor strong;;
Crooked my back doth grow
With bearing my burdens long."
And it dropped its fruit, as it dropped a tear,
And reddened the ground with fragrant cheer.

And the Lord of the Harvest heard.
And he said: "I have use for all;
For the bough that shelters a bird,
For the beam that pillars a hall;
And grow they tall, or grow they ill,
They grow but to wait their master's will."

So a ship of oak was sent,
Far over the ocean blue;
And the pine was the mast that bent,
As over the waves it flew;
And the ruddy fruit of the apple tree
Was borne to a starving isle of the sea.

Plant a Tree

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clouds of time
Unto heavens sublime,
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy,
Every day a fresh reality;
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease:
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries, in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear,
New shoots every year
On old growth appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant: life does the rest.
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work his own reward shall be.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

What the Trees Teach Us

(For Fourteen Small Pupils.)

First Pupil.
I am taught by the Oak to be rugged and strong
In defense of the right; in defiance of wrong.

Second Pupil.
I have learned from the Maple, that beauty to win
The love of all hearts, must have sweetness within.

Third Pupil.
The Beech, with its branches wide-spreading and low,
Awakes in my heart hospitality's glow.

Fourth Pupil.
The Pine tells of constancy. In its sweet voice
It whispers of hope till sad mortals rejoice.

Fifth Pupil.
The nut-bearing trees teach that 'neath manners gruff,
May be found as "sweet kernels" as in their caskets rough.

Sixth Pupil.
The Birch, in its wrappings of silver gray,
Shows that beauty needs not to make gorgeous display.

Seventh Pupil.
The Ash, having fibres tenacious and strong,
Teaches me firm resistance, to battle with wrong.

Eighth Pupil.
The Aspen tells me with its quivering leaves,
To be gentle to every sad creature that grieves.

Ninth Pupil.
The Lombardy Poplars point upward, in praise,
My voice to kind Heaven they teach me to raise.

Tenth Pupil.
The Elm teaches me to be pliant yet true;
Though bowed by rude winds, it still rises anew.

Eleventh Pupil.
I am taught generosity, boundless and free,
By the showers of fruit from the dear Apple tree.

Twelfth Pupil.
The Cherry tree blushing with fruit crimson red,
Tells of God's free abundance that all may be fed.

Thirteenth Pupil.
In the beautiful Linden, so fair to the sight,
This truth I discern: It is inwardly white.

Fourteenth Pupil.
The firm-rooted Cedars like sentries of old,
Show that virtues deep-rooted may also be bold.

—*Helen O. Hoyt, in the Teachers' World.*

Historic Trees

I. CHARTER OAK.

In history we often see
The record of a noted tree.
We'll now some history pages turn
And note what trees we there discern:
And foremost of this famous band
We think the Charter Oak should stand.
We love to read the story o'er,
How Andros came from England's shore
As Governor in this new land,
And ruled it with a tyrant's hand;
How, when he came to Hartford town
Demanding with a haughty frown
The charter of the people's rights,
All suddenly out went the lights;
And, e'er again they reappeared,
The charter to their hearts endeared
Lay safely in the hollow tree,
Guard of the people's liberty.
All honor, then, to Wadsworth's name,
Who gave the Charter Oak its fame.

II. LIBERTY ELM.

Another very famous tree
Was called the Elm of Liberty.
Beneath its shade the patriots bold
For tyranny their hatred told,
Upon its branches high and free
Was often hung in effigy
Such persons as the patriots thought
Opposed the freedom which they sought.
In war time, oft beneath this tree
The people prayed for victory;
And when at last the old tree fell
They sadly rang each Boston bell.

III. WASHINGTON ELM.

In Cambridge there is standing yet
A tree we never should forget;
For here, equipped with sword and gun,
There stood our honored Washington,
When of the little patriot band
For freedom's cause he took command.
Despite its age—three hundred years—
Its lofty head it still uprears;
Its mighty arms extending wide,
It stands our country's boasted pride.

IV. BURGOYNE'S ELM.

When, in spite of pride, pomp, and boast,
Burgoyne surrendered with his host,
And then was brought to Albany
A prisoner of war to be,
In gratitude for his defeat,
That day, upon the city street
An elm was planted, which they say
Still stands in memory of that day.

V. THE TREATY ELM.

Within the Quaker City's realm,
There stood the famous Treaty Elm.
Here, with its sheltering boughs above,
Good William Penn, in peace and love
The Indians met, and there agreed
Upon that treaty which we read
Was never broken, though no oath
Was taken—justice guiding both.
A monument now marks the ground
Where once this honored tree was found.

VI. TREE FROM NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

Within a city of the dead,
Near Bunker Hill, just at the head
Of Cotton Mather's grave, there stands
A weeping willow which fond hands
Brought from Napoleon's grave, they say,
In St. Helena, far away.

VII. THE CARY TREE.

I'll tell you of a sycamore,
And how two poets' names it bore;
Upon Ohio's soil it stands,
'Twas placed there by the childish hands
Of sister poets, and is known
As Alice and Phoebe Cary's own.
One day, when little girls, they found
A sapling lying on the ground;
They planted it with tenderest care
Beside this pleasant highway, where
It grew and thrived and lived to be
To all around, the Cary tree.

VIII. HAMILTON TREES.

In New York City proudly stands
Thirteen monarchs, lofty, grand,
Their branches tow-ring toward the sun
Are monuments of Hamilton,
Who planted them in pride that we
Had won our cause and liberty—
A tribute, history relates,
To the original thirteen States.

We reverence these famous trees.
What better monuments than these?
How fitting on each Arbor Day
That we a grateful tribute pay
To poet, statesman, author, friend,
To one whose deeds our hearts commend,
As lovingly we plant a tree
Held sacred to his memory;
A fresh memorial, as each year
New life and buds and leaves appear—
A living monumental tree,
True type of immortality.

—*Ada Simpson Sherwood.*

A Forest Hymn

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty.

—*Bryant.*

Historic American Trees

1. The Magnolia Council Tree, Charleston, S. C.
2. The Charter Oak, Hartford, Conn.
3. Villere's Pecan Tree, near New Orleans
4. The Stuyvesant Pear Tree, New York
5. Gates' Weeping Willow, New York
6. Pontiac's Memorial Tree, Detroit
7. The Washington Elm, Combridge
8. The Tory Tulip Tree, King's Mountain
9. The Jane McCrea Tree, Fort Edward
10. The Balm of Gilead Tree, Fort Edward

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11. The Big Tree of Geneseo, New York
12. Wayne's Black Walnut, near Stony Point, N. Y.
13. Arnold's Willow, near West Point
14. The Rhode Island Sycamore, near the Seaconnet
15. The Washington Cypress, Dismal Swamp
16. The Miami Apple Tree, opposite Fort Wayne
17. Penn's Treaty Tree, Philadelphia
18. The Fox Oak, Flushing, Long Island
19. The Eliot Oak
20. The Monarch, Boston
21. The Liberty Tree, Boston
22. The Second Liberty Tree, Quincy, Mass.
23. The Hangman's Tree, Quincy
24. The Whittemore Elm
25. The Groom Willow
26. The Constitutional Elm, Corydon, Ind.

"Trees in Prose and Poetry," *Stone and Fickett.*